SECRET

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December 28, 1962 - Friday

The sun is out; the snow melting fast. Every one is in a festive mood, especially because there will be spare ribs for lunch.

It is extraordinary how good 1928 Les Gandichots still is. It has been in the cellar here for thirty years. We have also had excellent Musigny 1934, Clos de la Periere 1934, Leoville Las Cases 1945, and even 1945 Moet & Chandon. Ch. Latour 1928, however, in small bottles, is oeconologically exhausted. Cellarage conditions at Staunton Hill are unusually satisfactory.

Sasha and I whacked the bushes, pounded through fields and forests, in quest of quail and turkey without success. Quail are said to be uncommonly plentiful in Charlotte County this year; without a bird dog it is next to impossible to locate them. I have seen only two covies; both of them flushed wild.

Poker tonight; E and I each won 52 cents, the children lost proportionately.

Visited the Carter family. Mrs. Carter Senior is in a Lynchburg hospital with acute bronchitis; the others are in health.

December 29, 1962 - Saturday

At daybreak, a pack of foxhounds, in full cry, ran through the grounds, to be barked at from a respectful distance by the house dogs. The foxhounds probably belong to the "hilltoppers" whom Sasha and I met on a side road yesterday. It is likely some of them are descendants of my June and Walker strains.

NLC/CDC/MR
Rec'd 6-17-81

Light rain with 30° temperature. Snow is predicted. Elizabeth, whose forebodings are often better than professional meteorological reports, opines darkly: "We are going to have weather."

Idle day, with reading and poker.

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